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PURSUIT AFTER HAPPINESS:

^K A P O E M.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

An ODE to Mr. GARRICK,

On his QUITTING the STAGE.

ALSO

An ELEGY on the DEATH of Mr. BARRY.

Virtue alone is Happiness below.

POPE.

L O N D O N :

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PURSUIT AFTER HAPPINESS

A P O E M

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN ODE TO MR. GARRICK

ON HIS VISITING THE BARRIERS

ALSO

A FIDELITY OF THE DEATH OF MR. BARRY



P R E F A C E.

Parve, nec invideo, sine me Liber ibis in Urbem.

AS it is always in a Man's own power to suppress or publish his productions; nothing in general can be more frivolous or ridiculous, than the excuses that are made by many who commence Authors, particularly in the Poetical Walk;---if the Poem is good, it needs no apology, and if bad, deserves none: and the solicitations of particular Friends will weigh little in the public estimation, or the scale of critical justice.---If *indeed* an Author has any opulent or literary Patrons; to shelter himself under the shadow of their wings, is at least prudent, and may flatter the vanity, or conciliate the favour of individuals.---But the Writer of the following Poems makes no apologies, pleads no solicitations, but throws himself at once upon the Mercy of the Town---for having no professed Patron, he has neither an opportunity of exhibiting his prudence, nor showing his address in the nice and delicate touches of Panegyric, or an artful Dedication: though at the same time the unsolicited protection of any Great Man to these pieces would be more acceptable to the Author, reflect greater credit on his Muse, and more strongly evince the real generosity of the Patron:---But to quit the motives of publication, (which all who have been in the same predicament are welcome to guess at) and to give some short Account of the Poems.---An Allegorical turn was given to the first on Happiness, to afford the greater scope for Poetical Description and Imagery: how far the Author has succeeded in his endeavour, is left to the determination of the Reader; if the Critics should be favourable enough to allow this to be the case, it is hoped, that Poetry with them, like Charity with the Divines, will cover a multitude of faults. All that the Author thinks necessary to say for himself is; that, however dull, it contains no bad morality.

The first sketch of the Ode to Mr. Garrick has appeared before, but is now enlarged and corrected. As the Author is unknown to him, it is presumed, it will not be considered in any other light, than

than the result of admiration (in which an Individual joined the Public) of his just conception, and amazing execution.

The Elegy on the Death of Mr. Barry is a tribute to deceased merit, the effusion of real sorrow at the loss of a Performer, who possessed the finest feelings, and had the most absolute command over the tender emotions of the Soul.

Most of the Verses to Angelica Kauffman have likewise appeared once before in a Morning Print; but were then, as they now are, disinterestedly offered at the shrine of Female Merit.

But this is enough, and perhaps more than enough by way of Preface; the Reader is therefore desired to turn to the Poems, which are resigned to his censure or approbation.

αἷς ὀπός, μίᾳ Βρῦλοις εἰς ἑστὴν εὐτυχίᾳς ὀδὸς

Bacchylidis fragmentum apud Stobæum.

----- Semita certè

Tranquillæ per Virtutem patet unica vitæ.

Juv.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Poem (as mentioned in the Preface) is of the Allegorical kind.---Happiness is sought for amid scenes of Dissipation and Festivity---in Solitude and Retirement---in the charms of Poetry and Literature---in wanton and licentious Love---in turbulent and restless Ambition, which is followed by its general consequence, Disgrace and Disappointment---At length in the Land of Poverty, Virtue is discovered, in whose society is found the only true Felicity.

P U R-

PURSUIT AFTER HAPPINESS:

A P O E M.

WHY hangs this gloom around my pensive brow,
Relaxing my faint limbs, and damping all
The vigour of my mind, listless its powers,
It's faculties unhing'd? Th' infection creeps
Thro' every vein, and now about my heart
Iavenom'd rankles; grievous is the load
Of Melancholy; terrible her sway;
Hateful invader! odious to mankind;

B

Obdu-

Obdurate, savage, and remorseless! her's
 Is Pleasure's bane---she to the mid-day sun
 Darkneſs imparts, and flags Night's footy wings
 With double tardineſs. Alas! whoſe aid,
 What friendly power ſhall I invoke, to ſave
 To ſhield me from the dreadful gripe of this
 Imperious monſter?---Shall I join the train
 Of feſtive Bacchus? crown my head with vines?
 Puſh the gay goblet round---wake the dull ear
 Of ſleepy Midnight with the voice of Mirth?
 'Tis done:---ſoft Luxury ſtrews the filken couch;
 With delicateſt viands ſpreads the board;
 And bids the ſtrain of Melody to flow
 Harmoniouſly enchanting.---Wanton joy,
 And laughing tranſport ſeem to play around,
 Fallacious:---I enjoy the fancied bliſs,
 Quaff the nectareous draught, and think I feel
 Vigour new-born, and pleaſure, not till now
 Felt or imagin'd. Io! loud I ſing,
 Io! ſweet Bacchus!---enemy to care,

And

And grief, and anguish, and corroding pain!
 Dispenser of true joy, and rapturous mirth! 30
 Giver of all the blandishments of life,
 Immortal Power! O! let me daily feel
 Thy genial influence! so my years shall move
 Swiftly along, unbrush'd by the rude wing
 Of black-plum'd Sorrow.---So my cares shall sink 35
 Deep to the bottom of the purple stream,
 Never to rise again.---For one short hour
 Elysium plays before my dazzled sight,
 And dancing pleasures flutter to my view.
 Sleep (as the Sun dispels the mists of morn) 40
 Chafes with envious hand each flying shade;
 I wake.---Reflection dawns---scarce can I bear
 To look into myself---the Fiend returns
 With tenfold horror arm'd, upon my head
 Darts all his rage, and drives me to despair. 45
 Wretch that I am! where shall I fly?---in vain,
 Deluding Godhead! dost thou offer me
 Again the mantling bowl---ha---come not near,

Left fullen ire dash from thy tempting hand
Th' intoxicating draught! farewell to thee! 50
Farewell to thy companions! noisy rout,
Tumult, and giddy revelry, farewell!

Lend me thy hand, O nymph of brow serene!
Parent of Peace, Romantic Solitude!
Lend me thy hand, and guide me thro' the wilds 55
Of thy extended Empire! let us climb
Together upwards to the peaked point
Of yon high promontory, at whose base
The white surf rages ceaseless---let us sit
Wrapt deep in silent musing; our stretcht eyes 60
Bounding th' horizon, or with shady beam
Fixt on th' ethereal fires, thro' night's dark veil.
Gilding the Firmament.---And now, Fair Maid,
Let us descend, and thro' the daisied lawn
Direct our course, close by the willow'd banks 65
And mazy channel of the lipping brook:
Now in the moss-grown wood, where Silence reigns,
Slowly proceed; by unfrequented paths,

To

To caves, and ivy-fringed grots, and dens
 O'erhung with shaggy thorns; here every scene, 70
 Each deepen'd shade, each varied intersperse
 Of chequer'd light, must tune th' harmonious Mind
 To tranquil pleasure, to content, to peace
 And sweet serenity: here let me lye
 Close-clasp'd in thy embrace, and as I view 75
 Thy graceful charms Divine, drink in large draughts
 Of soft compofure.---Idle phantasy!
 Fallacious hopes! vain empty dreams! to think
 In indolence to find repose!---to rest
 Upon the fruitless lap of idleness! 80
 To seek for joy beneath the darksome roof
 Of dreary solitude! Can pleasure dwell
 With loneliness, unsociable and drear?
 For sorrow fit retreat! where all things feed
 Gloomy imaginings, and more oppress 85
 With added weight the drooping mind. Tho' here
 I dare to stay, here will I hope to gain
 The fought-for remedy; to chear my soul

And footh the my anxious breast; if you will deign
 You sacred Nymphs, who strung the lyre of old 90
 On Helicon's* high top, and in the fount
 Of Hippocrene† divine, or the clear wave
 Of smooth Permessus, † lav'd your silver feet;
 Thence turning sported in the shady groves
 Of great Hesperia, on rich Mantua's plains, 95
 By the Hebrurian § River's yellow stream;
 Or where o'er sounding rocks steep Anio's flood
 Precipitately rapid, foams along.

Tho' now no more are these retreats your care: 100
 Long have you left these haunts, and fled those seats
 Erst so delightful; since you've oft been seen,
 Celestial Maids, braiding your hair with flowers
 Of every hue, that on the velvet banks
 Of hoary Isis, breathe their bloomy sweets 105
 In jocund spring-time; oft hath Camus heard
 Your lays respond to th' instrumental sound

* ——— αἶθ' Ἑλικωνος

Εχουσιν οὐτος.---HES: DEO: GEN.

† Καὶ τὸ Λοιπὸν αὐτῶν τὸν Περμεσσόντα.

‡ Ἡ Ἰπποκρήνη---Ibidem.

§ Tyber.

Of harmony : irregularly wild,
 The graceful dance you trod, his shores along
 Exulting Avon saw : in Windsor's groves
 Oft have ye listen'd to the rural notes
 Your favorite * shepherd sung : yes ! Heavenly Maids,
 If you will deign to hear my prayer, to beam
 Your influence all-enlivening on my head,
 And sometimes stoop to visit my poor cot,
 Obscure and mournful ; every drooping thought
 By brooding Melancholy hatch'd, shall fly
 Affrighted ; soon my spirits shall regain
 Their pristine strength, happy as in the years
 Of budding childhood (fancy all awake)
 New-fledg'd and gay, shall soar unwonted heights ;
 Swift as the rapid whirlwind mount above
 The Chrystalline Convex, and with the stars
 Mingle well-pleas'd ; then cast a pitying look
 On this low world, and all its boasted pomp
 View with unfeign'd contempt.---Come, come, ye Nymphs,

* Pope.

My

My cave is strew'd with roses, I have wove
 The myrtle garland, cover'd are my seats
 With violets, and verdant moss; along
 The mouldering wall, an honey-suckle creeps 130
 Its branches with a twisted Eglantine
 Sweet-interweaving.---I have deck'd my board
 With fruits, the produce of the neighbouring wood,
 Cornets, and savoury * nuts, the juicy pear
 And mellow apple:---you my guests alone 135
 Are wanting; come and bless me with the sight
 Of your Immortal charms---plain is my food,
 Humble my feast, from Nature's simple store.
 Yet voice of gladness, from a tongue sincere
 Shall bid you welcome; come ye, gracious Maids! 140
 Benignant come.---Ah---me---I call in vain:
 You heed not my request! Surely your power
 Is not so great, as fabling poets dream;
 Else would you visit in his deep distress

* Ipse ego cana legam tenerâ lanugine mala

Castaneasque nuces---

Addam cerea pruma.

VIRG. ECLOGUE.

A bard, who but with reverential awe 145
 Invokes you not,---I cast my dubious eyes
 This way and that, if haply I may spy
 The path which leads to happiness, perplex
 And intricate. And O! aloud I cry
 Thou Genius of my Soul! to whom that hour 150
 (When first I saw the purple light of day)
 'Twas given with tutulary care, to guide
 My infant steps, to watch my growing years
 To manhood's height aspiring; and to guard
 My life still forward, 'till its taper fade 155
 Sickening, and I shall to my native dust
 (My being's origin) return. O say
 Where does this wond'rous novelty exist?
 Instruct me where to find her, in my ear
 Soft whispering.---See! she glides before my eyes, 160
 Array'd in Myra's Angel-form. O, stay!
 Thou fleeting vision, I conjure thee stay!
 By all the powers of love---'tis Myra's self
 And she is Happiness! O! I could gaze,

For ever gaze untir'd upon that face, 165
 Play with the flowing ringlets of thy hair,
 Imbibe delicious venom from thine eye,
 Press thy moist rosy lip, suspend all care
 On th' honey dropping accents, which thy tongue
 Distills.---Upon thy breast, ah---Paradise: 170
 And Heaven is there; there do the Graces rest,
 And mid the polish'd veins, the little Loves
 Gambol delighted; fure 'twere sacrilege
 With impious kisses there to rove; did not
 Thy smiles encourage, and thy glowing cheek, 175
 Flushing reciprocal with mine, thy eyes
 Darting fierce glances, met by fiercer still
 Thick flashing amorous flames, bid Love begin
 His rites mysterious.---Haste my fair one, haste,
 Let us to the inmost thickest grove away, 180
 My blood's on fire, my heart impatient beats
 Tumultous in my bosom, haste away!--

O Bliss unspeakable! O sacred Love!
 Excess of joy, rapture, and extasy

Are thine ! and shall we, Myra, always thus 185
 With equal ardour meet ? shall faith unchang'd
 Dwell in thy breast ? will thou be ever true ?---

True as the constant wood dove---my fond heart
 Is wholly thine---Myra shall know no change 190
 Of passion---from us twain be always driven
 Cruel suspicion, doubts and false surprise
 With pale-eyed Jealousy, sworn foe to Love.
 Pernicious basilisk, whose glance strikes death
 On all its sweets ! doubt not my constancy ; 195
 On thee is fixt my soul ; thy image fills
 My waking thoughts, I dream of nought but thee
 All the long night.---'till when to-morrow's sun
 Hath left th' horizon (a whole age of pain
 And absence !) fare thee well---then soon as Eve 200
 Silent, in dusky mantle clad comes o'er
 Yon towering hills, swift as the wings of Love
 Can bear me, will I fly to thy embrace,
 My dearest Youth !---the silent-stealing Eve

Array'd in dusky mantle, is come o'er 205

Yon towering hills.---What can retard my Fair?

Why at the promis'd hour do I not see

Thy wisht approach? Whom---what shall I accuse

For this delay? Hark! was not that her voice?

No!---all is silent but the whispering wind 210

Among the trees---why rustles yonder spray?

Whence are these stifled murmurs? Do my eyes

Play false? or is that real which I see,

True, not imaginary? It can't be true.

Can I believe that Myra my belov'd 215

Would clasp a base-born peasant in her arms?

Gods! with what odious wantonness she courts

The gaping Idiot? Wherefore stand I thus

Foot-lock'd and routed in astonishment!

When rage and angry justice bid me slay 220

Her and her minion? On this very place,

Where she swore faith to me. O traitress vile!

Damn'd specious forcerefs! Nay! aim not to fly

My just revenge---speak not---my ears are deaf.

And

And thou base slave!--but I disdain revenge--- 225

Low as thou'rt fallen! be he thy punishment,

Thy lustful Paramour! So fair without,

So wondrous fair! who could suspect thou wert

Within so * "black a devil?" Siren sex!

Monsters in shape Cherubic! O ye trees, 230

Ye nodding groves, ye heard what days of bliss

I promis'd to myself, what joyful sounds

Fell from my flattering tongue, involuntary,

Untold to speak; now blasted are my joys,

Scath'd is my soul, as when the sharp-breath'd North 235

Withers your verdant leaves; I feel the pangs

Of injur'd love; the tortures of the rack

Are light to mine, the tortures of Despair!

Oh fly Despair---some friendly voice replied.

Opening my languid sight, I just perceive 240

The face of smiling Hope: O fly Despair,

Again she cried; tho' baffled, give not o'er

As never to be ended, the pursuit;

When ended, to the rich reward, how poor,

E

How

* Shakespear's Othello.

How insignificantly mean the toil, 245

Consider well; to cheer thee in thy way

My aid shall still be present, I before

Thy face will fly; thou follow where I lead,

Nor, if thou wilt not be for ever lost,

Dismiss me from thy sight, or cast a look 250

Of devious giddiness aside---she said,

And wav'd her chequer'd plumes---snatcht from the grave.

Thanks! Pow'r Divine, I cry, the humblest thanks

Of gratitude receive; but for thy looks,

Amiably pleasing, thy bewitching voice, 255

Breathing encouragement, breathing the balm

Of comfort to my mind, I had been lost,

Indeed; Despondence drear had quench'd each ray

Of lively vigour; blank dismay and fear

Had pinion'd to the ground, the active force 260

Of Fortitude.---But now hast thou recall'd

My fleeting spirits; in my soul again

Its pristine ardour glows, thro' my full veins

Flows quick the tide of life, strong beats my heart,

With

With new born expectation fraught, I seem 265

With other feet to move above the ground;

With other steps to tread; prepare my bark!

My gilded bark, with purple streamers crown'd,

Gayly dependant: stretch the unfurl'd sails,

And catch the swift-wing'd gale; I'll boldly plough 270

Ambition's boisterous sea, and steer my course

Amidst it's furling billows; let the rocks

Advance their rugged brows; let the bleak wind

Howl in the main, and raise the curling waves

In mountains to the clouds, I reek not ;---hence 275

All fear of danger ! from my fixed soul

Replete with purposes of noblest deeds,

And high resolves of great emprise, be driven

Far, far away all dread ! Superior skill,

Join'd with superior courage, nought can daunt, 280

Much less destroy; safe thro' the jarring rage

Of the vext element, inspir'd by these

I'll urge th' advent'rous way, to the calm port

Of that blest shore, where pleasure dwells serene.

And

And now the bark is launch'd, the lessening land 285
 Shrinks from my view, as bounding o'er the surf
 Of the rough tide I sail, and now quite lost,
 No other prospect hems the horizon round
 But the wild sea, inhospitable, black,
 And full of edying whirlpools.---Yet not these, 290
 Nor all the shapes obscene, that flit along
 The foamy surface, not the threat'ning rocks
 Nor the fierce billows, nor the stormy winds
 Retard my voyage ; onward thro' the deep
 Secure my vessel glides, fortune attends, 295
 Sits at the helm, and with aspect serene,
 And steady arm directs the course ; we pass
 By boiling quicksands, infamous as those
 I' th' Lybian main, thro' straits fell as the cliffs
 * Acroceraunian, or as that dread gulph 300
 Stil'd of Megellan ; where between the isle,
 Dell Fuego, and the rFimland, greeting dire !
 Join the hoarse Chilian, and th' Atlantic waves.---

* ----- infames scopulos
 Acroceraunia -----

HOR.

But now at length my longing eyes behold
 The wisht-for harbour ; and, ascending wide, 305
 With gentle rise, the happy land behind :
 One blooming garden it seems, one waving grove
 Of flowery blossoms : O enchanting sight !
 Fit place of habitation for the Gods !
 The mild winds here bring to my ravish'd sense 310
 Exquisite favours : not with greater joy
 Tastes the Batavian Mariner the gale
 From spicy Zeylon wafted, as around
 For many a league, it scents the ambient air,
 And cheers the gladden'd Ocean : *---give thine aid 315
 Auspicious Guardian, Fortune ; O assist
 But some short moments more, assist to stem
 This raging current, which with course oblique
 Flows cross the enterance, and the port's my own,
 And the blest isle, to range, to live at ease, 320
 With pleasure and felicity. O ! Heavens !

* -----Many a league

Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.

MILTON.

F

Thou

Thou wilt not surely leave me now!----O Fate

Must I be always harraſt with thy frowns!

O ſavage Deity! ſo far to guide

My veſſels e'en in fight of Happineſs,

325

And now when moſt I want thy ſuccour, now

To leave the taſk aſſum'd! ah! how can I

With nerves relax'd, and impotent thro' fear,

Weak at the beſt, with trembling joints pretend

To weather out the ſtorm? and now it roars

330

With double fury, now the Tempeſt ſcouls

Outrageous, and the rapid current drives

Reſtleſs; thro' the pitchy ſtole of night

Scarce glimmers Hope, ſeen by the light'nings blaſt.

Oh horror! what a dreadful ſhock! again

335

Another! and the ſea tumultuous pours

Dire ruin o'er my head, the ſhatter'd bark

Breaks in ten thouſand pieces, while my hand

Scarce graſps a ſingle plank, deſtruction yawns,

And ſwift perdition threatens to devour

340

My fainting ſoul: ſpent, gasping, quite o'erpower'd,

When

When now I think to lose my hold, and meet
 That death which seems inevitable;---Land
 Touches my sinking feet, and Hope imparts
 A brighter ray, with all that yet remains 345
 Of strength, I struggle for, and gain at last
 Firm footing on the shore:---now flies the night
 And 'gainst yon western cliffs the rising Sun
 His ruddy beam darts lively; all around
 I cast my eyes, if ought I may descry 350
 Of house or sign of habitant; but none
 I view, no not a tree, but only shrubs
 Wide scatter'd here and there, all else a rough
 Unfruitful desert, barren rocks, and sand,
 Black steril hills, and dry unwater'd dales. 355

Ah, why ye waves did I escape your rage?
 As well meet death by sea, as on the land,
 Better the speedier; famine here will rend
 My life by piecemeal, torn off inch by inch,
 A lingering age of torture! yet---my soul 360

Be

Be calm, cease not to hope, still be my mind
 Unconquer'd: sudden are the turns of Fate,
 And not to be foreseen, her ways are deep,
 Not to be fathom'd by the shallow line
 Of Man's entangled reason:---hah! what sounds,
 Prelude of better days, assail my ears?
 Sounds of glad music! whether in the air,
 Or on the earth I know not; near it comes,
 And nearer yet, soothingly soft it plays
 With dulcet harmony; such as till now
 Ne'er heard my ravish'd ears! how heavenly bland
 The chearing melody, not of rude mirth
 With noise obstreperous, such music jars
 Discordant; gentle this and sweet to th' ear
 As the delicious breath of Zephyrus
 When he has kiss'd the fragrant violet-bed,
 Is to the smell.---It ceases---what again
 Am I deceiv'd? again with empty sounds
 Of mockery delusive cheated?---Say
 Ye Powers, if any be who here inhabit,

369

370

375

380

Tread-

Treading this wild waste with your airy feet,
 Ye unseen beings say, how long must I
 Wander in sorrow's mazy path forlorn
 The sport of fickle Fortune? Shall I ne'er
 O'ertake what I pursue? No!---nor in my arms 385
 Embrace the fleeting form of Happiness?
 But still as I approach her, will she vanish
 And unsubstantial melt before my touch,
 No reality, but shadow?---Heavens! what place
 (Where Magic governs, and Enchantment reigns) 390
 Now entertains me? O'er my head breaks forth,
 What but ere now, I heard far off, the sound
 Of harmony: no magic this, no powers
 Of ill could pleasure thus th' entranced sense;
 * Not lovelier on Olympus top of yore, 395
 Soothing the attentive soul of Jove, attun'd
 Their lyres th' Aonian Nine,---again it stops!--
 I turn, and lo! to my wrapt sight appears

* Ἰν δὲ Διὶ πατρὶ
 ὑμῶντος ἱερωτοῦ μαγικῶν ὅσων Ὀλύμπου,

HESIOD.

A Virgin shape, clad in a flowing robe
 Of snowy white, upon her head a wreath 400
 Of purest gold, pluck'd from the sacred tree
 Which erst the Sybyl to Anchises's son
 Benign reveal'd. Her radiant hair beneath
 Over her beauteous shoulders waving falls
 In graceful ringlets. On her forehead fits 405
 Imperial Majesty; her eyes diffuse
 Rays of beneficence, and mildness mixt
 With awful grandeur, such as in my breast
 Love and confusion kindle;---Modesty
 Plays o'er her cheek, and conscious Dignity 410
 Informs each motion; every step she takes
 Displays her symmetry of limbs, and charms
 Unseen before: girt with her fabled Cest,
 Beauty's bright Queen could not more winning look,
 More winning move, no! not tho' all her train 415
 Of wanton loves, and smiles, and young desires
 Hover'd around attendant; she with all
 Her pomp and outward shew,---*this* by herself

Alone

Alone accompany'd, and by her own
 Innate perfections. Smit with pious awe 420
 And holy reverence, at her feet I fall
 Submits, in silent adoration : she
 Benign and gentle lifts me up, while words
 Mild as the breath of evening, when the gale
 Scarce moves the lake, scarce bends the whispering leaf; 425
 Thus from her rosy lips proceed.---I know
 Thee youth, both who thou art, and whence thou cam'st
 In search of Happiness, thy bark has plough'd
 Ambition's main, 'till by the furious stream
 Of adverse fate, wreck'd on these rocky shelves, 430
 With difficulty thou hast gain'd the land.
 However, despond not ; here, what thou so long
 In vain hast coveted, thou may'st attain ;
 If to thyself thou art not wanting,---here
 I rule, here fix my throne, and give to those 435
 Whom I approve, peace and tranquility,
 And joy of heart unfading,---on this shore,
 This barren shore, this land of poverty,

Dwells,

Dwells, what in richer climes thine eye hath fought
 Unsatisfied,---here dwells felicity. 440
 Nay, wonder not, as yet thou know'st not me,
 My name is Virtue; from Heaven's Sire I sprung,
 Lineage celestial! unto me alone
 Is given the cup of bliss; who loves not me,
 Ne'er tastes the precious draught; without my aid 445
 Pleasure before his weary footstep flies,
 I help to overtake, and to his arms
 Give the reluctant fair, whene'er I move
 The air breathes harmony, and the sweet note
 Steals on the list'ning sense,---thou mortal, thou 450
 Already feel'st the truth of what I say;
 O'erflows not thy full heart? tastes not thy soul
 The genial sweets of pleasure? In thine eyes
 I read each inward motion, sparkling bright
 They gaze upon me, clear'd the visual ray 455
 From its dejected glare, a smile o'er spreads
 Thy visage blooming erst, and a new grace
 Heightening each comlier feature, lively speaks

Thy

Thy mind compos'd, and each distracted thought
 Of thy disturb'd imagination calm'd, 460
 And sooth'd into complacency: tell me youth,
 Did e'r emotions rise within thy breast
 Equal to these? like what my converse yields?

O Heavenly Maid! Immortal Visitant!

How can I answer thee? or how express 465
 My gratitude? What black untruth my tongue
 Would utter, with what lying guile replete,
 Should I affirm, ere I beheld thy face,
 I ever saw one ray, or the least glimpse
 Of true delight! Fool that I was to think 470
 Of finding Happiness but in thy sight!
 Yet led astray by folly, long elsewhere
 In vain I sought her, 'mid the riotous train
 Of luxury and intemperance; in the wilds
 Of still retirement, and deep solitude; 475
 I hop'd to meet her in the Muses' bowers
 And flowery haunts, but they refus'd their aid,

Nor to th' unhallow'd Bard disclos'd her charms.
 I then pursued her thro' Love's fair domain,
 The boasted friend of Bliss---she was not there. 480
 Wide o'er Ambition's sea, I spread my sails,
 Shipwreckt was I, and well nigh lost; the rest
 Thou know'st; and now forgive, Ethereal Maid,
 My bold presumption, if from thee I mean
 Ne'er to depart, but here, well-pleas'd, inlist 485
 The meanest of thy train; 'tis Reason bids,
 And clear conviction, that thy power alone
 Can give reality of bliss, unveil'd
 By specious wiles, that thou can'st put to flight
 Seditious discontent, and murmuring grief, 490
 Th' anxiety of sorrow, and the pangs
 Of torturing care, allev'ate, and make light
 Their burthens, (otherwise too hard to bear)
 O ! say wilt thou admit me, and forgive
 The bold request? Forgive she cries ! Nay more 495
 With joy I hear thy words; know that from those
 Who with sincerity my favour court

I ne'er withhold protection, but with hand
 Bounteous and lib'ral my rewards dispense,
 Showering the kindest blessings on their heads. 500
 The hypocritic tribe alone, who bend
 Their knees before me, and with outward shew
 Of humblest adoration, prostrate fall,
 While in their hearts lurks ever-bafe deceit ;
 Those I detest : nor to their service pay 505
 Undue regard, I heed them not, nor they
 Me, tho' with ostentatious pomp they cheat
 Th' ignorant vulgar : fools ! who do not know
 How lovely Virtue is, how for her own
 Peculiar charms, (from every other thought 510
 Abstracted) she's to be ador'd ! do thou
 With me detest their ways ; in the right path
 Which thou at last has chosen, still persist.
 Forfake not me, I will not thee forsake :
 Not only o'er this rugged soil direct 515
 Safely thy footsteps, but when Death shall come,
 Lift high his fable arm, and cast his dart

Stop-

Stopping thy progress; in that dreadful hour
 Check'd by my presence, shall the horrid fiend
 Lose half his force; snatch'd from his direful grasp, 520
 Thy better part by me upborne, shall gain
 My native mansions; there before the throne
 Of God presented, what thine eyes shall see,
 Thine ears shall hear, not I, tho' heavenly-born,
 Can to thy mortal sense unfold----- 525
 Supreme delight,---bliss not to be conceiv'd,
 In fulness of perfection shall be thine.

Entranc'd my raptur'd soul, above the pitch
 Of mean mortality, I seem to taste
 Already of that future joy, thy words 530
 Have taught me to expect! O! gracious Power,
 Kind and benevolent to me has been
 Thy goodness, gently condescending! warm'd
 By thy encouragement these dreary wilds
 No more affright; by thee accompany'd, 535
 Calm and serene, with steady feet I'll tread
 Yon pathless waste, and should the pointed rocks

Some-

Sometimes annoy, not deep shall be the wound,
 Nor permanent the pain, thy friendly hand
 Shall still be near to pour the healing balm 540
 Of comfort and content; till having gone
 Far as the limits of this life extend,
 Clad in the robes of triumph, I shall gain
 Those blissful seats, which none who have not dwelt.
 With thee, O sacred Virtue, can enjoy. 545

ODE to DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

On his QUITTING the STAGE.

----- datus in Theatro

cum tibi plausus.

HOR. ODE.

I.

HENCE Envy to thy noisome cell!
 There wrapt in pitchy darkness dwell,

And idly dart thy venom'd sting!

There are whose boyant wing

Uplifts them soaring high

I

Above

Above the vision of thy jaundic'd eye;
Where crown'd with rays of purest light,
They scorn thy fury vain, and low, insidious might.

II.

This lot, O Garrick, at thy natal hour
The Fates to thee decreed:
Each movement of the human breast
Hath long thy potent sway confest,
They stoop'd beneath thy sovereign power,

While Reason sanctified the deed.
Oft hath the Muse her fairest blossoms twined,
Around thy head a fragrant wreath to bind,
Oft pour'd to thee her genuine strains;
Still may she charm thy polish'd ear,
Unconscious she of fordid strains,
Offers at Merit's shrine the verse sincere.

III.

Attend ye Passions, which controul,
Madden with rage, or freeze with fear the soul!

Each *soft Emotion*, *Energy divine*,
Approach ; and bend at *Merit's* shrine,

IV.

And lo ! where riding on the storm,
I see the wild and gloomy form
Of Horror, through the troubled air,
With ghastly mien draw near !
What dreadful Spectres ! Sounds of death !
The Weird Sisters hail Macbeth !
'Tis he, the dagger drops with gore---
The Royal *Duncan* wakes no more !
I hear the dire prophetic strain !
His murderer ne'er shall sleep again.
I mark the pangs which tear his heart---
Remorse hath lanc'd her keenest dart.
Yet alienate from good,
Deeper he wades in blood ;
I mark his savage sternness, pallid fear,
And the last furious efforts of despair.

Descend

V.

Descend thou *Goddeſs* from on high,
 Where mid 'th' Angelic throng
 Thou tuneſt thy melting ſong,
 Soothing each liſtning inmate of the ſky ;
 Who ſilent droop their plumed wings
 While feeling *Pity* ſings :
 Hither caſt thy ſoften'd eye !
 Here indulge th' impaſſion'd fight !
 That hoary head behold---
 'Tis Lear ! th' unhappy and the Old !
 Mangled by *filial vipers*, ſee
 Th' extreme of human miſery !
 What ſudden tranſports, burſts of rage
 Diſtend the feeble breſt of Age ?
 What fierce, what agonizing pain !
 Nature can no more ſuſtain---
 Madneſs fires the tortured brain.

Ceafe

VI.

Cease my Muse---through Æther float
 Many a harsh and broken note.
 Darkness hath the *shrine* o'erspread,
 Each ideal form is fled.
The Master of the Passions lyes
 In Solitude inactive---to the eyes
 Of Admiration he no more appears,
 No more a Nation's plaudits strike his ears !

VII.

Who now the *tyrant King* shall paint ?
 His hypocritic art display ?
 Or who his terror and dismay,
 When round his couch in dark midnight
 (While burns the taper, blue and faint)
 His Conscience views the dreadful sight,
 The injur'd Ghosts of those
 Who victims to his lust of Empire fell,
 Who sternly rouse him from repose,
 And his unpitied death foretell ?

VIII.

Ah ! Hamlet ! who shall now
 Thy amiable emotions scan ?
 The grief which makes thee lowly bow
 In all the pride of youth ?
 Who shall describe thy generous plan
 Of fix'd revenge ? thy soul of Truth ?
 Each grace ? each virtue ? who with eye
 Darting thro' vice with magic fire,
 Shall in thy Mother's secret bosom pry ?
 Yet mingle filial love with justest ire ?
 Thy madness who shall feign ?
 Assume thy wit, and poignant humourous vein ?
 Yet every fally curb with Judgment's sober rein ?

IX.

Who shall such different powers combine ?
 Who cast aside
 The *Tragic buskin's* pride ?
 Unequal'd in the *Comic sock* to shine ?

Indue

Indue each character with ease
 Which human life displays ?
 While in each gesture now we trace
 Politeness, elegance, and grace ;
 With Wit and lively Freedom view him rove,
 Or melting into tenderness and love ;
 Or now the coarser features see
 Of low and antic drollery ;
 The *Brutal Husband's* form now see him take,
 And now the manners of the *sprightly Rake* ;
 While *Laughter* fits transported by,
 And *Archness* triumphs in his eye ?

X.

Cease plaintive Muse---with well-earn'd fame
 Thy favorite retires---tho' *partial blame*
 May penetrate to his retreat---
 Thou o'er the hallow'd seat
 Shalt scatter flowers---thus *Nature's other Son*
Shakespeare (his public journey run)

Sought

Sought Avon's peaceful stream;
His Genius shrouded from the noon-day glare,
There bid adieu to bustling care,
And spent the *remnant* of life's little dream.

An E L E G Y

On the DEATH of SPRANGER BARRY, Esq;

Addressed to Mrs. B A R R Y.

Quis desiderio, fit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, MELPOMENE; cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum citharâ dedit. HOR.

I.

WHILE still to keen anxiety a prey,
While from thy bosom bursts the struggling sigh,
While Sadness veils the chearful face of Day,
And the warm dew-drop trembles in thy eye:

Should

II.

Should every Muse her sacred strains address,

And in harmonious sympathy combine,

Should they in aptest lays *their* grief express,

They could not consolation give to *thine*.

III.

Generous to excellence of every kind,

The Public mourns it's *darling Actor's* end,

Thine is the deeper anguish of the mind,

Mourning the *much-lov'd Husband* and the *Friend*.

IV.

His Merit when to us reflection brings,

We weep him lost to each *fictitious* part;

But from a nearer source thy sorrow springs,

Lost to the *real* feelings of his heart.

V.

Yet Time with gentle hand shall brush away

The tear of misery, give the wisht relief,

His softest plumes on Woe's sad bosom lay,

And drop his balm upon the wounds of grief.

VI.

But in this general dearth of *Scenic* worth,

In this *unmanly* and declining age,

What power shall call superior talents forth,

And raise the drooping Genius of the Stage ?

VII.

Scarcely recovered from the stroke severe,

When Garrick fled from our admiring eyes,

Resolv'd no more the Drama's sons to cheer ;

To make *that* stroke more fatal, Barry dies.

VIII.

He dies, and with him sense and taste retreat,

For who can now conceive the Poet's fire ?

Express the just ? the natural ? the great ?

The fervid transport ? or the soft desire ?

Yet

IX.

Yet round his tomb, at Midnight's silent reign,
 (Led by the *Tragic Muse*) to Fancy's fight,
Ideal Forms shall rise, a numerous train,
 View'd by the silver Moon's reflected light.

X.

There with *unrivall'd grace* the *Moor* shall stand
 As when the listening Senate he address,
 Or stoop to frantic Jealousy's command,
 Or yield to stern Revenge his fiery breast.

XI.

Erect and with transcendent *Dignity*,
 There shall ill-fated *Anthony* be seen;
 Here injured *Theseus*, clad in Majesty,
 With awe-inspiring frown, and God-like mien.

XII.

There *feeble Lusignan* from every eye
 Shall cause the stream of sympathy to flow,

There

There shall be heard the frequent, short-drawn sigh
At poor *Evander's* complicated woe.

XIII.

There *Jaffier* shall advance---what tortures rend
His labouring bosom! doom'd what pangs to prove!
Ah! what distress o'erwhelms the faithful Friend!
How strong the bonds of Duty and of Love!

XIV.

But oh! what sounds entrance the willing ear?
Do Cherubs their celestial notes dispense?
Or is it *Romeo's* melting tones I hear?
His voice of Love? and soothing Eloquence?

XV.

Thalia next the solemn mansion treads,
She joins the train *Melpomene* brought on,
Bevil and *Townly* in her hand she leads,
And oh! farewell, she cries, *my Graceful Son!*

Yet,

XVI.

Yet, thou afflicted partner of his soul,

'Tis thine the feelings of *each Muse* t'assuage,

When freed thyself at length from Grief's controul,

Thou shalt reseek the now deserted Stage.

XVII.

To *female* merit we well-pleas'd shall bow,

Tho' *manly* energy, alas! is flown,

The Muses *sole surviving favorite* thou,

And *all the Drama's* excellence thy own.

TO ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

CANDOUR will own, to Censure ever flow,

A *Female* Mind with classic warmth may glow;

Say! did from Greece the sacred ardour come?

Or did'st thou catch the flame from antient Rome?

Correct like * Maro's, is thy chaste design,
 Yet bold as the † Mæonian Bard's divine;
 Thou join'st, Angelica, in every plan
 Thy softer sex's grace, and nervous strength of man.
 Thy figures bold like Raphael's are design'd,
 With Guido's softer colouring refin'd:

Thou best can'st paint, what best of Poets wrote,
 And give to view what Homer, Virgil, thought!

Drawn by thy pencil, Hector we admire,
 And thro' the Parent view the Hero's fire.

‡ Æneas on the Punic shores we trace,
 And own the Founder of the Julian race.

§ Andromache not faded in her charms,

And Venus stands confest, Goddess of soft alarms.

Such *was* thy magic power, and such *is* seen

In Eleanora, tender, matchless Queen!

* Virgil's.

† Homer's.

‡ Alluding to the meeting of Venus and Æneas in the wood.

§ And the picture of Hector and Andromache in former Exhibitions.

Painted by thee in fairest Virtue's charm,

She sucks * the poison from lov'd Edward's arm.

The fact portray'd, lost records may supply,

Thy pleasing art the rage of Time defy,

Nor Eleanora's deed, nor Kauffman's fame shall die !

11 7 19

* Alluding to the picture in the last Exhibition, of the tender Eleanora sucking the venom out of the wound which Edward the First received with a poisoned dagger, from an assassin in Palestine.

F I N I S.

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